

# The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

## The Women Who Try to Make Others After Their Own Pattern

Certainly one-half, and probably more than half the trouble in the world, in so far as women are concerned, is caused by one woman trying to impose her will upon that of another.

The woman who desires to do the imposition act may in many ways be good and moral. But she may also be narrow and domineering. She has her own little set of ideas and she has codified them. She has her own standards, her own moral weights and measures. Everything and everybody that comes under the scope of her vision and observation is judged by these standards, set in order, and credited or debited by these measurements.

In proportion to the difference existing between the personality and inclination of an individual and the rule and line by which they are judged is the strength of the desire to make the personality and the rule fit.

Then the trouble begins. There is on one side a steady pressure of disapprobation, of disappointment, of criticism, brought to bear upon a will that dares to show its independence and a tendency to stray off in accordance with individual tastes and preferences. The pressure is exerted continuously, without let up or alleviation. The criticism is sharp and caustic.

If the victim, driven to exasperation, turns, as the worm will sometimes, and taking the bit between her teeth makes a successful bolt for liberty, she is sure to be classed by the woman against whom she rebels as utterly degenerate, quite impossible and quite undeserving of consideration and affection. And all this because a human entity refuses to be cut and made over like a last season's garment, when another woman desires to so pattern her.

The woman who is forever trying to reform the universe as she sees it hardly makes a judicious or wise mother. She is perpetually saying "don't" to her children. If she were to avoid the "don'ts" and said "do," instead, if she showed the reason for saying "do this, or that," pointing out the advantages and illustrating the desirability of what she recommends she would not have the necessity so often of holding up a rebel to recrimination.

There is a great deal said and talked and written about "letting a woman live her life," that is, let her come to the full measure of her development, unchecked and unhampered.

That she should do this when the fanatical reformer of her sex stands waiting to take her in hand and prune away even the smallest trace of characteristics individuality and freedom of thought, must as rarely come to pass as the perfect unfolding of the poet's blue rose.

The feminine crusader of reform, snug, self-satisfied and self-righteous, never knows herself as "a stone of stumbling" in the lives of the little community where she exercises her powers and, in her own estimation, fulfills her mission. Her latest breath may be spent in lambasting the shortcomings and painting the ingratitude of some feminine sister who has escaped from her net as the bird from the fowler's snare, and in extolling the different views that the ingrate should have adopted.

There is for such a woman but one approved pattern of femininity—her own. That all the world is not made up after it continually and forever vexes her soul through time unto eternity.

### New Ideas in Dolls.

In dolls shown during this holiday season there is everything the heart can desire. There is little Red Riding Hood, a charming blond person with a complete outfit, every piece of which is removable. Her dress is of fine white lawn with a yoke of allover embroidery; her cape, with the hood attached, is of scarlet lawn, her little stockings and kid shoes and the basket she carries in her left hand are of the same brilliant color. Little Red Riding Hood herself is a full-jointed French doll with moving eyes, and her hair may be gotten in brown, tawny or blond.

### Buster Brown.

Along with Red Riding Hood comes Buster Brown. He, too, is a full-jointed French doll by regulation size, eighteen inches tall, and has a blond bobbed wig. His suit is made of chambray and trimmed with white braid. Blue, tan or ox-blood chamberg may be had, with a hat to match. His socks are of white flannel, and his low shoes of black leather with tiny buckles.

A Red Cross nurse is absolutely necessary in any doll family. She is dressed in the regulation costume of blue and white-checked gingham, a white apron with a bib attached, a Red Cross band around the right arm, and a cap on her hair, which is dressed high. She, too, should be a full-jointed French doll eighteen inches tall.

### The Latest Arrival.

The Eskimo doll is the latest arrival from the northern confines of Doll Land, and she is so new that it is safe to say she has not found her way as yet into many nurseries. Her head is of a composition very similar to hard clay, which will neither crack nor break. Her face has been modeled after the face of a real Eskimo baby, with the exact coloring; her hair is long, straight and black. Her body is stuffed, and her clothes, which consist of a jacket and trousers, are made of real fur. Her pointed cap is of fur, too, and also her mittens. She wears buckskin moccasins, and she measures twenty-five inches in height.

### The Doll's Doll.

Dolls need not be lonely when she takes her airing; to keep her company and amuse her she has a doll of her own. The cunning little baby dolls are made for the express comfort of their doll mothers. They are about six inches long and are dressed in infant fashion, down to the minutest detail. The long white slip is of sheer lawn with a deep hem, and a dainty crocheted tuck is worn, an exact miniature reproduction of an infant's, made of white worsted with edgings of pink or blue. The cunning little cap worn is of sheer lawn with a lace frill around the face.

Trimmings of wide silk braids which appeared on many of the first fall models are having a tremendous vogue. Banded trimmings of heavy silk embroidery outlined with small wooden beads are also extremely popular. Tucks of the opaque, transparent and iridescent bead, in the increase, and lovely almost beyond description are many of the garnitures, banded trimmings, motifs and fringes fashioned upon these heads. Nets embroidered in youtache or rat tails can now be bought by the yard.



Le Bon Ton and Le Moniteur De La Mode United.

## Gifts for Little Ones

Among the most successful Christmas gifts for children are those which rouse an interest in the crafts now featured as an educational training. A case of bead work will have a strong charm for small feminine fingers, which will enjoy working away industriously making the dainty trifles out of the prettily colored beads. Patterns are given for hand bags of various sizes. Different designs are stamped on the material of the bag on which the beads are woven, and frames to finish the bags are furnished. One may obtain handbags with designs to be worked out in bead effect, and a whole card of designs is shown. The beads come in all colorings and sizes, and may be wrought into bead neck chains in the large sizes, while the tiny ones are used for the weaving. Such a gift will appeal to every little girl, and cannot fail to interest the older ones also. The price of such a case and its contents is \$4.50.

The Dismalative Typewriter. A gift, which will appeal strongly because of its mechanism is the diminutive typewriter. Such an acquisition will give the boy or girl a feeling of satisfaction that all toys which permit of playing "grown-up" arouse. This typewriter is constructed with a round top, on which the letters of the alphabet are given, and is worked by turning to the required letter and striking it to get the impression. This toy will undoubtedly afford a great deal of amusement and diversion for busy youngsters. It will also be an unconscious educational training as well as a toy feature.

## A PRETTY AND VIRTUOUS MEMBER OF THE CONSUMERS' LEAGUE

Marie belonged to the real Consumers' League, and she consumed prettily and virtuously. It wasn't bad air that suffocated her soul, says Everybody's Magazine. It was no air. She thought she was breathing, however, and breathing fast. Why, it was half-past 11 before she got back downtown from her tailor, and she bought a wedding present till one, and she was just finished and ran to a tea-room, but she had hardly touched a mouthful when she remembered there was a girl from out of town who had come in to spend a month doing nothing and had to be helped, but though she rushed to the phone she couldn't get her friend before it was time to catch her suburban train home; in order to do which she jumped into the station bus, only to remember she had forgotten to buy a ribbon for her Siamese costume for the benefit ball.

Her head began to ache. But it was too late now, and she tried to think of some way of getting along without it, and her head began to ache; but luckily she met some of the girls on her way from the station to her high school, so they alighted and they began to tell her how to do it; but she had to hurry away because she had promised to go to the house of one of the girls and spent her time going out on the train to catch her suburban train home; in order to do which she jumped into the station bus, only to remember she had forgotten to buy a ribbon for her Siamese costume for the benefit ball.

a bunch of new songs and was coming to call to-night and she had to scot home and practice "Tune Time Is Moon Time and Tune Time and Spoon Time," as well as "The Grass Is Blue O'er Little Sue," till there was just one hour left before dinner, and she was perfectly crazy over the new "do" which one of the girls had showed her.

The Celebrated Esthete. She rushed upstairs and went at that do and by dinner time she had got it almost right, so that father told her always to do her hair like that and brother wished he had it down at the factory to replace a broken dynamo brush, while as for Chunk, he was nicer than ever till he learned he had to take her to a rehearsal of the Siamese Group for the benefit ball; so that, what with having to coax him to go and what with changing into her costume, she got to the rehearsal so tired she couldn't stand up to go through the figures till she caught sight of the celebrated esthete, the Swirl Ram Chandra Gupta Din, who was there to hand out the right slants about Oriental effects and who had persuaded Marie there was great consolation to be found in realizing that life is a spiral and that therefore you can't make progress straight up, but must go round and round through rhythmic alternations of joy and sorrow, which caused Chunk to relapse again from his attentiveness, but which pleased

Marie greatly because she was always unhappy in between two periods of happiness, and therefore felt she was getting along the spiral and into culture pretty well, till it was 11 o'clock. She went to sleep crying.

She waked Chunk up out of a chair in the hall and made him take her home; and he said the Swami was a very clever man and she said American men had no culture and didn't understand women, and Chunk didn't even say good-night to her, and she went to sleep crying, and remembering she hadn't after all learned from the girls how to get along without that ribbon in her costume and she must get up early and buy it, which made her utter one final little plaintive snuffle of vexation.

Scarves of beaded net, canton crepe, embroidered chiffon and soft satin, are as much in evidence as ever. One of the prettiest frocks seen this season was made with a tunic fashioned from two long scarves of white net embroidered in crystal and pearl beads. The scarves were caught together with small rosebuds of pale pink ribbon. Some of these ribbon flowers are really exquisite—those of white silk flatly applied to the hat of black beaver are most attractive. Corsage bouquets of shaded pink ribbon are extremely pretty.

## Time Spent at the Waiting Stations of Life

Unless a woman stops to think and to reckon, she can hardly correctly estimate the amount of time spent at the waiting stations of life.

There is the wait in the morning when the clock is late and the range fire turns sullen and the discovery is made at the last moment that the dish ordered for breakfast has not arrived. When these frowns on the day's forehead have been smoothed away and a woman starts briskly downtown to make up a half-hour's delay she finds that a block in the street car line holds her for ten minutes more.

Then, just as she has finished her journey at her office door she discovers that her hurry in coming away from home has caused her to leave her keys behind, and there is another wait until an obliging janitor can go uptown and bring them.

The history of waiting stations is thus repeated every day, and all day through. The waiting stations are everywhere sandwiched in between the working stations and, whether one frets and chafes, or accepts the inevitableness of delay with cheerful philosophy, makes not one whit of difference.

The waiting stations are sometimes resting places, and as such serve a good purpose. One of the best places in the world to study human nature in all its phases is in what is known as the waiting room of a big railway station. Life, stripped bare of pretense, may be seen here. The tired traveler, the snob fretting over the insolence of presumptuous time, the poor and the rich, the shoulders here, a common law calling to each to which perform they all must submit.

The waiting stations of life have their uses. They are bound to teach patience and the submission of will to what is stronger than will. Across the hurry and the bustle of life, the pathway they are designedly placed.

Human nature, unchecked by their presence, would wear itself out far sooner than it does. Its pauses at such stations, here and there during the day, insensibly furnish strength against fatigue and reanimate the mental and physical nature.

So it is wise for a woman not to quarrel too much over the time she feels she has lost in waiting. What is lost in one sense may be gained in another, and the waiting stations serve for some, much the same purpose that an oasis in the desert does to the traveler who is crossing it.

### Dainty Hand Embroidery.

Fine, delicate, dainty embroidery by hand, is used in many cases for yokes and undersleeves, and many a yellowed bit of needlework from the days of our grandmothers will be brought to light this winter and utilized in the way of collar cuffs, muslin or silk blouses may be embroidered by hand. Nowadays every one does needlework of some kind—every woman tries her hand at embroidery or bead work, hem-stitching or braid work. Beads of various sizes, Indian beads—are easily made and are unique and pretty. Cravats of bead work with tassels are new and odd. Unpretentious blouses may be smartened and brightened by a few beads carefully selected and placed. The ingenious woman innumerable ways of beautifying her wardrobe will suggest themselves.

### Braiding of Gold or Silver.

Carriage or evening cloaks of velvet have wide collars and revers of brocade—some bright color combined with gold which is further enriched by a braiding of fine gold or silver cord closely sewn on in an intricate, bit-and-miss zigzag pattern. Tunes or blouses of thin gold or silver net are also braided in this way.

An odd skating set—urban and muff—are made of tricel—that is, knitted wool. The turban is wrinkled somewhat, and the necker-crown is brought over to one side and fastened with a button. The muff is decorated with buttons also. Muffs, scarves and turbans for school girls are made of serge or velvet bordered with fur. They are inexpensive and serviceable.

Indian shawls are now cut up and fashioned into hand bags, purses, slippers, muffs—in fact, into almost every accessory of dress. The soft coloring is much fancied by some women, and the articles wear well. Persian and Indian chifons, satins and velvets, however, are not worn so much as last season, the preference being given now to the gold meshed brocades and those of silk and velvet.

### loons of this sort.

The prediction that the Persian rago would have run its course long ere this has not been fully verified, although there are evidences of waning, hastened by the use of cheap imitations of the more elegant fabrics in mercerized and near-satin materials. The passementerie motifs and cords with tassels in the Persian colors, however, are among the smartest and prettiest trimmings that this season has developed, and it is safe to say of this sort to an afternoon costume of velvet gives it bewitching chic.

### A Newly Developed Fantasy.

The revival of the bolero, as an adjunct to the kimono sleeve, is a newly developed fantasy that is sure to be approved. A gown of tulle crepe meteoric relieved with apricot velvet was a bewitching exemplification of this genre, worn at a bridge party last week by the wife of an artist, who is credited with designing the clothes that adorn her exquisite figure. In this instance, at least, he has been altogether successful. In style, it is a semi-princess gown, and the bodice-closing is concealed at the back under the bolero. The guinea and collar are made of Venice lace, and the girde, which combines apricot velvet with the material, ends in a rosette at the side of the back. Deep folds of the soft material are set on the narrow skirt, which is finished with a box-plait panel at the back, conceals its finish; tassels at each point of this box-plait being a graceful and noteworthy feature. A scarf of ermine, lined with tulle white chiffon, passes around her slender throat and falls from over each shoulder. The large taupe hat has folds of apricot moire fluff around the crown, and ostrich feathers at the back.

### Child's Jungle Box.

A useful toy for a child is a wooden house on wheels with scenes from the jungle painted on the sides. This makes an excellent place of refuge for the various toys, which would otherwise be more or less scattered under foot or not readily found when wanted. A child loves to drag his cart or wagon, or whatever it may be, on wheels, and this latest novelty cannot fail to find favor with small boys and girls alike. As a receptacle for toys it is most useful and satisfactory.

## The Ecclesiastical Mania

The ecclesiastical mania has taken a new departure, and now it is the monks' habit that is being limited. We have Franciscan girdles and Capuchin hoods to evening and motor-wraps, and those kimono garments are distinctly monkish when they are held at the waist line with knotted ropes of gold or silver for evening wear. This Franciscan canture has now superseded the Japanese sash; for most women, unless very, very slender, object to the broad-back effect which the obi gives, and after trial have discarded it in favor of the heavy knotted cord. This fashion has reintroduced the wearing of jeweled crosses, formerly so much in vogue, and debutantes who make a fad of antique jewelry are hunting up heirlooms to wear as an undershirt is always more or less of a problem to those of limited incomes. The present fashions have ousted everything in the way of silk except those that are very soft in finish, and unless these are bought in good quality their wear is not satisfactory. Nothing can be found, however, more practical in the long run than foulard, which not only is smart in appearance, but washes beautifully and satisfies hygienic requirements which are abused by the petticoat which is worn constantly in the dirt of the streets and never thoroughly cleaned. French shops have been showing petticoats made of white foulard dotted in blue with a plaited tounce on which there is a Persian horse. No matter how often these are laundered, they come out as fresh as new, and as to comfort they are really lighter than any other material except China silk.